

Poetry for the Times.

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When Summer with her golden vest
Upon the earth was seen,
The woods were by her fingers drest
In robes of brightest green.

Long shady arches then they made
Above the dusty way,
To shield the traveler who strayed
Beneath the heat of day.

When o'er the fields the sickles keen
Cut the tall harvest down;
September changed our robes of green
Into a dusty brown.

Till now October's chilling blast
Sweeps down with mournful tone,
And scatters as it rushes past
The leaves on earth alone.

So do our joys and pleasures last
But for a fleeting day,
Blown by each gust of sorrow's blast,
Like Autumn leaves away.

The hopes that are to-day as bright
As Spring-time's earliest bloom
As soon are touched by Fortune's blight,
And haste us to the tomb

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